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ANDREW'S
BEAUTIFUL DRESS GOODS
And Trimmings and Fur Cloaks.

VOLUME XI.

PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS,
BY
CHAS. M. MEACHAM.
THEO. E. BARTLEY, Business Manager.

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Reports of Government Chemists.
The Royal Baking Powder is made of pure and wholesome ingredients. It does not contain any alum or phosphate. It is the best baking powder in the market. Price, \$1.00 per lb.
The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the best. Price, \$1.00 per lb.
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The Largest and Finest Hotel in the City.

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HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Telephone No. 87.

J. LIEBER'S
TONSILS :- PARLOR,
OVER HOOVER & BALLARD'S.

Playing, Shampooing, Hair Cutting, and Dressing, also all the articles associated in the best of style. Given me a call.

Apr. 10th, 89. J. LIEBER.

PHOTOGRAPHS!

Before you have your picture taken come and see the character of my work. I have a large number of pictures equal to the best city work. Special attention given to making life-like portraits by the best Brokers. Fine Pictures. Find me at the Franklin, CLARENCE ANDERSON, Hopkinsville, KY.

Road Carts! EVERYTHING ON WHEELS.

Ten per cent. Cheaper Buggies than anything.

Don't buy before getting our prices and catalogues.

THE GEO. W. STOCKELL CO., NASHVILLE, TENN.

BLYTHE & CO., Manufacturers of
BUBBLE STAMPS, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
OUR SPECIALLY PREPARED
POCKET BOOKS, WHICH PROTECTS
OUR INKING PADS, Bright Colors of INK.
All kinds of Stamp Supplies.

SHERWOOD HOUSE!
T. C. BIRDWELL, PROP'R.
Large Dining Room, Seats system Call Bell.
BATES \$2 per Day.
Especially suitable the week.

Corner 1st & Locust Streets,
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PROFESSIONAL BARBERS, and SHOES!

W. M. GRAY, PROPRIETOR.
Ninth Street, mostly opposite the Post Office.
Skilled barbers. Perfect attention. Sharp razors. Clean Towels. Everything as new and clean. Hair cutting, shaving and shampooing done in the very latest style.

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY, KY., NOVEMBER 1, 1889.

DO NOT FAIL TO INSPECT
C. M. Latham's New Stock
OF GOODS.
Comprising Many Articles New to this City.

NUMBER 88

BILL SNORT IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Why Harrison Snubbed a Colorado Man From Texas—Snort and Harrison Discuss "Dave Hill"—Snort Helps Ligs Kill Rats in the White House.



WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—This morning, not long since observing that the President was reading a newspaper, with a very cynical expression I asked:

"Mr. President, are you reading about Windy Dave?"

"Windy Dave is good. Yes Col. Snort, I am reading about Governor Hill's gorations gin' the South."

"As a centre of natural gas he seems to rival the Pittsburgh gas wells."

"I am a very fluent speaker," said Harrison sarcastically, "he prances on the platform like the monkey in the circus, and charms up the English language with his majestic crescendo-toned robustion voice and massive jaw."

Col. Snort, I have a great notion of sending my son Russ down South to counteract Hill's speeches."

"For Heaven's sake Mr. President, don't goad the South into another war."

"You seem to have a prejudice against my son Russ."

"Not at all, Mr. President, and to prove it I promise you that if Russ stays in the South I will furnish him with a recipe which will remove old egg stains from his shirt bosom. I got it from Eli Perkins, who has received many such oaths, as it were."

"That's just as ill-founded as Harrison, hotly deny Democratic swashbucklers, who are based at the South, but if a Republican gentleman, like my son Russ, undertaken to make a speech there he needs robes for washing off egg stains. Who is to blame for that?"

"You are, Mr. President," I replied, calmly.

"For five minutes I thought our chief executive would have a fit. His face looks as though it had been fairing for breath."

"Yes, Mr. President, I continued, "Jacob or Nathan said unto David: 'What do you mean, Col. Snort?'"

"I'm-mass-just-what-I-say President-Harrison, I mean you make the Republican party odious in the South by appointing niggers to office. I advised you to appoint white Republicans or Democratic protectionists to office, but you did not do it. If you had done so the South would have been solidly Democratic now."

"Do you really think so, Col. Snort?"

"I know it, Mr. President. If the Bourbon oligarchy attempt any bid for the White House, they will be mostly white instead of black as they are now, they will regret it as sincerely as the little boy did, when he, in rashness, mistook a wasp for a fly."

"Then you think no negroes should be appointed to office in the South?" asked the President.

"That's what I mean. Did you ever notice Mr. President, that the negroes are mostly white, while the geese are black as they are now?"

"Yes, I believe that's a fact."

"Well, the white man is the turkey and the negro is the goose. You can knock the turkey off the fence forty times, but he will fly back and roost there again. You can put the goose up on the top rail of the fence, but he will tumble off every time. The only way to keep the goose off the rail is to hold him there. That's what you are doing in appointing negroes to office."

"Then you would have the Republicans drop the negro and invite the Southern Democrats, who wants their wool, sugar, rice and iron industries protected, to join our party?"

"Now you are shaming, Mr. President. It is really gratifying to see that you have an occasional lucid interval."

Harrison was about to reply, when the doorkeeper, who is blacker than the inside of a hen's blacker, entered and said, scornfully, handing Harrison a card:

"Dora's light-complexioned niggah dude from Texas out da."

The President looked at the card and said:

"O, yes; this is Hon. Mr. Cuneys, of Galveston."

"Yes; he is one of your precious black and tan appointments," said I. "You appointed this saddle-colored minnow to the collector of custom at Galveston instead of appointing a white man."

Cuneys was admitted, but Harrison received the colored brother very coolly. Finally, I shook my finger under Cuneys' nose and asked him to explain to Harrison why, in such negro counties in Texas as Brazos, Matagorda and Fort Bend, all the local offices elected by negro voters are held by Democrats, who certainly are not negroes. Harrison for reflection? This stunned Cuneys, and Harrison looked sick.

In controlling Harrison I am obliged to be severe, for he is as obstinate as a balky mule, and nothing short of building a fire under him will start him.

"Mr. Harrison," said I, finally, "drop the nigger. You can't bite the bottom out of a frying-pan without getting smut in your nose."

He didn't enclose my speech left unsmoked.

By the way, Johnny, I've got even with Lige Halsford. He was born in England, and has never got over it entirely. He puts on too many frills, and he does not how down and worship as he should, so I made up my mind to take him down a peg. Said I:

"Lige, what is the meaning of those two hydrophobic Mississ. Circles I see rampant on your coat of arms? I mean to clear up a mystery, and I'll do it, if you'll let me. I'll climb up on a huck with oaks, and stand on a rock, and you'll see."

Lige emitted the air indignantly:

"My dear fellow, I can twice my ancestry back five hundred years, and it is not in my power to do it. I am a hydrophobic Mississ. Circles, and I am not afraid of them."

Lige emitted the air indignantly again:

"My dear fellow, I can twice my ancestry back five hundred years, and it is not in my power to do it. I am a hydrophobic Mississ. Circles, and I am not afraid of them."

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A Weighty Matter!

Of interest to those who have a Fall Suit or Wrap to buy, and "Money Savers"

READ IT.

CLOAKS!

We have devoted our best energies to this department and have fairly outdone ourselves in the magnificent stock we have secured.

No trouble or expense has been spared to gather a collection of novelties, that for style and exclusiveness far surpass anything ever brought here.

Wraps, Sacques, Directoires, Paletots, Jackets and Children's Cloaks.

In the Best Values that can be secured.

Dress Making Department.

Under the skillful management of Mrs. L. Nash, a celebrated Modiste, with excellent taste, originality and style, assuring the ladies of the city and county perfection in fit, correctness in style and polite and courteous treatment.

In this connection we announce an exhibition of the choicest dress goods that money and good taste can procure, abounding in everything New and Novel.



You are Assured a Most Cordial Welcome.

Bassett & Co.

recently didn't understand his business. How many times did you say the ropes broke? Was he hung on you?"

After a Lige for some inexplicable reason, was cold and distant, so I resolved on revenge. About this time the rats, as you saw by the papers, got to be very annoying in the White House. One day, hearing a female scream, we rushed into the next room. A large rat was the cause. Seizing Harrison's gold-headed cane, I aimed a fearful blow at the rat, missed, and it ran away. I then took a Lige and a forty foot whisk that he howled so damnable that people away off on Pennsylvania Avenue thought Harrison had refused another mangwump a fat office.

Next day Harrison said: "Col. Snort, why did you thump Lige hard that you loosened the ferrule on my cane?"

"Mr. President, you said the rats in the ceiling were numerous," I replied.

"I am not, but when you talk about a nuisance in the White House, it can't mean anybody but 'Our Lige.'

Harrison nodded his head, as much as to say, "that's so."

Yours friend,

BILL SNORT.
THE SENATORIAL RACE.

Kentucky is on the eve of what promises to be one of the most remarkable senatorial contests in its history. The successor to the late Hon. C. S. Blackburn will be chosen at the coming session of the Legislature. Mr. Blackburn has been conducting his canvass for months, and not only is he rallying his forces by letter, but is using all his persuasive powers to rally his strength. Blackburn knows the value of a handshake and a pleasant word, and as an electioneer he has few equals. His hearty manner, his fluent tongue command him to the average voter and make easy for him a road that others would find rather toilsome. His career in the Senate has not been a marked success. It was expected of him that he would awake the echoes in that conservative chamber by a series of speeches outside of the ordinary, but four years of his term have gone by and nothing remarkable in the public mind has the moment of his disgrace-faced with Senator Chandler. His unnecessary controversy with Rankin, of Colorado, did not increase the respect of his home people or that of the country at large. It was a needless contest between two loud-mouthed politicians that worried the public and offended every canon of good taste.

Still Mr. Blackburn's race will not be made upon any such issue. They are both incident to his remarkable career, and unfortunately there is much to be said in favor of each of them. The people of that district will stand faithfully by him and if a dead-lock comes between Blackburn, McCrory and Knott, McCrory's name will be the only solution of the question. It will be a long and a magnificent struggle between four political giants and the world will be watching with interest in all parts of the State.

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.
THEO. E. BARTLEY, - Business Manager
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1889.

PERSONAL GOSPI.

Dr. F. M. Sikes and Mr. John T. Burnett have gone to Louisville.

Mr. John P. Campbell has returned from an extended visit to West Virginia.

D. J. McCord has returned from a three weeks' visit to relatives in Missouri.

Mrs. J. J. Chappell, of Cadiz, came up yesterday and attended the Summers-Lacy wedding.

Mr. J. M. Baker, late of the Hawesville News-World, was in the yester-day enroute to Nashville.

Dr. J. C. McDavitt and bride, nee Miss Young, arrived Tuesday evening and are boarding at Mr. Jno. N. Miles', on 7th street.

G. A. Both came over from Hopkinsville Wednesday morning to attend the marriage of his daughter, —Clarksville Chronicle.

Mrs. A. G. Warfield, of Clarksville, Tenn., has returned home after a visit to her mother. She was accompanied by Miss Fannie Fairleigh who will make her a visit.

CREAM OF NEWS.

Missed His Mark.

A warrant for the arrest of George Buckner, col., charging him with pistol larceny, was placed in the hands of policeman West soon after the fire Wednesday. The officer came upon him yesterday morning near the corner of 7th and Liberty street and served the warrant. The two started for the lockup when Buckner suddenly struck at the officer with his fist and then ran. The officer dodged the blows and drawing his pistol fired two shots at the fugitive but without effect. He then mounted a horse near by and pursuing Buckner overtook him near the corner of 11th and Liberty streets and taking him in charge deposited him behind the bars. He was told by the officer that if he made another attempt to escape he would get shot, to which he replied, "You can't hit a barn door." Buckner is charged with the theft of a hat belonging to Mr. Gilliland. When arrested he had the stolen hat on his head. It is safe to say he will engage in crushing rock for the city for some days without wages.

Joe K. Gant to Laava Hopkinsville.

Mr. J. K. Gant, of this city, has purchased an interest in the Hanner Warehouse at Clarksville, heretofore conducted by Merlether & Co. and will move to that city. The new firm will be Merlether & Gant. Mr. Gant has for several years been a member of the Gant & Galtier Company, of the Plauters Warehouse. He has been engaged in the tobacco business all his life, his father before him having been one of the pioneers of the Hopkinsville market. He will be salesman for his firm, for which place he is particularly well fitted by long experience and natural adaptability. Mr. Gant has been one of the most popular of our warehousemen and the KENTUCKIAN regrets to see him move his field of operations to another state. The people of Clarksville will find in him a clever, genial and progressive young man. His family will remain here until January.

Smith Heard From.

Marshal J. W. Williams of Perrybrooke received intelligence from Marshal Barnett of Earlinton Wednesday night that J. O. A. Smith had been located at Mt. Vernon, Ill. Smith was seen at Madisonville Tuesday, where he gave the name of J. A. Stevens. His father lives at Earlinton and Smith's trail has probably been struck. Marshal Barnett left yesterday for Mt. Vernon, Ill., to attempt his capture. The reward offered by the citizens of Penhook and Trenton is \$100. The people of those towns are justly indignant at the false and entirely misleading statements published about the killing by a weekly paper in this city.

Brame and Smith.

The Clarksville Chronicle says: "A gentleman from Lafayette, Ky., who was in the city Monday brings information to the effect that the murderer, Wm. T. Brame, is still in the neighborhood of Lafayette. He has been seen by different parties on several occasions, and there is no doubt that his friends are aiding him."

The Clarksville Progress also says: "Officers in the city are in possession of information obtained Saturday evening to the effect that J. O. A. Smith, who shot Marshal Williams at Trenton, was seen Saturday at Hampton Station and also up the river some six or eight miles."

DEATHS.

Raymond Dodd, one of Col. J. M. Dodd's sons, a young man nearly grown, died in Florida this week. He went to Lake City some months ago to assist his father and brother in running the Herald-Reporter, of that place, which Col. Dodd purchased last spring. Up to the time of his departure young Dodd worked in the New Era office and was a quiet, unobtrusive boy, well liked by all who knew him.

Marriage Licenses.

B. S. Lovell to L. D. Davis. Ellis Roper to Maggie Mitchell. A. J. Hogan to Mary S. Deason. W. D. Summers to Mary Lacy. COLORED. Wesley Rawlins to Ellen Tandy.

HERE AND THERE.

Buy Pure Jersey Cream and Milk from Kitter Bros.

Born, to the wife of F. M. Whitlow

Moudy, a fine boy.

Henry Bumgarner is now night operator at this place.

Buy goods of 5—McGhee Bros.—4

Clarksville, Tenn., and save money.

Robt. M. Woodbridge, liver and salable, Frits' stand. Telephone 144.

The L. & N. passenger conductors have donned the regulation blue frock suits.

Headquarters for city transfer is still at Jno. G. Ellis' livery stable.

W. S. Davidson.

W. H. Whitlow says he has another big baby boy at his house. He arrived last Monday.

Ed Hall is now drayman on the accommodation train, having superceded young Baker.

Three lots were sold at Gracey last week and the purchasers will at once build upon them.

Y. W. C. A. will give a supper at the Court house to-night for the benefit of the poor.

Kitter Bros. supply the porous milk from Jersey cows. Delivered twice a day anywhere in the city.

A brakeman named Swift fell from the top of a freight car at Gracey last Friday, sustaining very painful injuries.

The Hattie Bernard Chase Co. played "The Little Coquette" at the Opera House last night to a fairly good house.

The loss of Bogard & Hall in the Lafayette fire was about \$1,000. They will re-open their drug store as soon as possible.

A protracted meeting was commenced at Benoitstown Tuesday night last. Revs. Evans and Hopper are assisting the pastor.

The Board of Commissioners of the Asylum will meet at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning, instead of in the afternoon as heretofore.

One of Wauhank's drooping house drummers struck Clarksville during the post office excitement Wednesday and narrowly escaped being driven out of town.

During the recent term of Circuit Court at Madisonville 91 indictments were returned and six convicts sent to the penitentiary.

Lost, near the Railroad, on 14th St. a lady's pocket-book containing \$40.00 and one cent. The finder will liberally rewarded by returning same to this office.

Heiley Mantle, who has been toll-keeper on the Canton pike, three miles east of Cadiz, for several years, left with his family for Fort Worth, Tex., yesterday, where they will reside in future.

See the conspicuous "ail" of S. Hudgood, marble dealer, Clarksville, which appears in this issue. Mr. Hudgood is an old man in the business and his judgment unsurpassed in the selection of monumental stock. His prices are within the reach of all; for further particulars read his "ad" write him or call on Mr. F. M. Whitlow, his agent at this point.

Railroad rumor has it that two fast trains will be put on about the 10th last. They will run from Chicago to New Orleans, and will make the time several hours sooner than the present schedule allows. Their running rate will be about 40 miles an hour. This will only be an addition, as the present number of trains on this division will run as usual.

One of the best and most reputable citizens of the county is to-day announced as a Democratic candidate for the important office of County Assessor. In the person of D. R. Perry, the Democrats of the eastern part of the county present a candidate who will meet all the requirements of the party's standard of excellence and greatly strengthen the ticket before the people. With a ticket made up of such men there would be but little doubt of success at the polls.

Police Report of Arrests for Month of October.

Breach of peace..... 8

Drunk..... 15

Carrying a concealed deadly weapon 4

Swearing..... 1

Petit Larceny..... 5

Robbery..... 1

Fast Riding..... 1

Gaming..... 4

Attempted rape..... 1

Street walking..... 2

Seduction..... 2

Tramp..... 1

Shooting in city limits..... 1

Total..... 45

ALEX. CAMPBELL, Chief.

TOBACCO NEWS.

LOUISVILLE TOBACCO MARKET.

Furnished by GLOVES & DURRIT.

Sales on our market for the week just closed amount to \$2,182 bbls.

with receipts for the same period of 305 bbls.

Sales on our market since

Jacuary 1st, amount to 144,293 bbls.

Sales of the crop of 1888 on our market up to this date 80,233 bbls.

The market this week has not de-

veloped any new features whatever;

the terribly low range of prices which

have been quoted for some days past

still prevails to the fullest extent.

The following quotations fairly repre-

sent our market for dark tobacco:

Trasb 50c. to \$1.00.

Common to medium lugs \$1.00 to 1.50.

Dark lugs extra quality \$1.50 to 3.00.

Common leaf \$3.00 to 4.00.

Medium to good leaf \$4.00 to 5.00.

Good leaf extra length \$5.00 to 6.50.

Rich wavy tobacco \$6.50 to 10.00.

W. R. Bowles lost about \$1,400 less

TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT.

A NOONDAY FIRE BURNS OUT A NINTH STREET BLOCK.

The Kentuckian Office Saved By Hard Work.

Detailed Account of Losses and Insurance.

Shortly after the hour of noon Wednesday, flames were discovered issuing from the upper room of the grocery store of Green & Nourse, on the northwest corner of Ninth and Virginia streets. A crowd quickly collected and went to work removing goods, but it was soon evident that the fire was to be one of considerable magnitude. The Green & Nourse corner was one of three store rooms to what was known as the Hord block. The building was two stories high and all the rooms were occupied. The first above and below was occupied by Green & Nourse; the one adjoining by Mrs. Carrie Hart's millinery store below and by the sleeping apartments of W. R. Bowles and George Randle above; the third by Alex Gilliland's dry goods house below and by W. R. Bowles' photograph gallery above. These rooms were about 50 feet deep and were adjourned in the rear by a building owned by Judge W. P. Wofford and occupied as a blacksmith's shop. This had a fire wall next to the Hord building. On the west side was the KENTUCKIAN building, about four feet higher than the Hord building and protected by a fire-wall excepting where the wall of the Hord building had been cut into and joined to when the newer building was erected. This had made some crovices and vulnerable spots in the wall, which made the situation extremely hazardous.

The fire started probably from a defective pipe in the second story, though this is conjecture. The fire was not discovered until passers-by had been drawn into the building by the heat.

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"GUESS."

There is certain Yankee phrase I always have referred to as "guess" in modern days, it's almost disappeared! It was the usage years ago. To be honest and low To answer: "I guess not!"

The height of fashion called the pink Prolers "lance" or "think" To that time-honored phrase: "That brandishes the blades, That brands the fashion rot, And to all heroes like these He answers: "I guess not!"

When Chaucer, Wyell and the rest were writing thus, I guess, (not very well, it's good enough for us) Why! shall the idioms of our speech Be banished and forgot?

It is a great pity that moderns teach Well, no, sir; I guess not!

There's meaning in that homely phrase No other words express—

No substitution therefor conveys Such meaning as there is.

English-Saxon stress, Directly to the spot,

And he who hears it always knows The worth of "I guess—not!"

—Chicago News.

"OLD PROB" AT HOME.

The Men and Materials at Weather Headquarters.

A Berth in the Signal Service No Bissons—Hard-Working Man Who Must Know Every Thing and Tell All That Know.

It is a popular mistake that life is a United States Signal Service corps is a very easy, if not a lazy, affair. As a matter of fact, the members of the Signal Service corps have to perform a multitude of duties, and in some cases the performance of duty is attended with real hardship.

There are more than one hundred signal stations in the United States. Of these the largest are those in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Kansas City. These are first-class stations, and the force at each consists of six men or more, whose work is so allotted that at least one of them is on duty at all times.

The interior of even a first-class signal station is not particularly attractive; a few desks, two or three huge barometers, and thermometers, some automatic registering instruments, a telegraph key-board, and a hand press and printing outfit constitute the conspicuous furniture. There is nothing in the place that is not necessary to the prosecution of the work.

The instruments are small, but they are most important and ingenious. One of them, for instance, which works in conjunction with a whirling rod on the roof, registers the velocity of the wind the whole day long, and another registers the temperature. These instruments are very delicate in construction and accurate in performance. Electricity and clock-work play no small part in their operation.

The man in the Signal Service comes nearest to being Jacks-at-all-trades of any man in the Government employ. They must be telegraph operators in order to send and receive messages over the wires; they must be able to set type and use a press; they must understand meteorology; they must be good mathematicians; they must be good book-keepers.

The signal station in a great seacoast city is at the top of a high building. The officer in charge comes to the place a little before eight o'clock in the morning, and usually remains until after eight in the evening. Every moment of his day is occupied by routine duty, the performances of which require careful training.

The first work of the day is to take the morning observation. This is done at the same instant of time at all the stations in the country. The chief objects of this observation are to note the condition of the barometer, the temperature, the dew-point, the relative humidity of the atmosphere, the direction and velocity of the wind, and the state of the weather.

This observation having been taken and verified, the chief signal officer reports to Washington by telegraph, and records in his own book the exact state of affairs in his district. This work occupies perhaps thirty minutes, and within in half hour after the time set for the morning observation—eight o'clock—the chief station at Washington has received reports from all the stations in the service, and a summary of these reports has been sent out to all points.

Upon receiving from Washington the summary of the reports of the entire service, the signal officer prepares his weather map. The blank form is a map of the United States, about two feet long and fourteen inches wide, which shows all the signal stations and all the principal cities of the country. But he has used himself about and lit a fire and presently turned out a nice little dinar and didn't lose his temper a bit because they would have some of it, but only gazed sorrowfully at the provisions that were to be wasted. Then he made them some tarts, and then some coffee, and left nothing untouched in the whole category of things to make them comfortable, patiently sitting there fanning them, or now starting to get them some water or may other thing they might want.—Cornhill Magazine.

Franklin—C. W. Leek will probably start a steam laundry to coat about 45,000.

Henderson—Charles Harwick, of Owensboro, has opened a coal mine at Harwick's Station the Louisville, St. Louis & Texas Railroad.

Henderson—Emil Schlimp, reported last week as erecting a box factory, will add a dry-kiln in about 90 days.

Lexington—Charles B. Pearce, of Mayfield, has purchased the Lexington Spoke & Wheel Factory for \$4,250.

Louisville—The R. B. Cotter Lumber Co. has purchased a four-story building, 12x22 feet, and will move its planing mill and box factory to same. It will put in additional machinery and erect new dry-kiln plant.

Louisville—The Falls City Boot & Shoe Manufacturing Co. has been incorporated by William Higgins, J. H. Quast, C. A. Warren and others to manufacture boots and shoes.

Frankfort—Lafrot & Graham have enlarged their Model whiskey distillery.

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Mayfield—The capacity of the Mayfield Gas Works has been doubled.

Middletown—O. W. Davis, president Davis-Cohr Co., Worcester, Mass., 23 Pleasant street, New York city, will build the charcoal iron furnace lately reported. It will be a 50-ton furnace.

Owensboro—Another tobacco factory will probably be started.

Paris—Johnson & Pryor have started publishing the *Recruit*.

Pineville—A wood-pulp mill is projected. J. B. Ray can give information.

Pineville—The county court has appropriated \$10,000 for a new bridge across the Cumberland river. A. L. Monroe can give particulars.

Whiteville—Efforts are being made to organize a stock company to sink a shaft in coal-lands. Many records are available.

SAN MARCOS, Tex., Sept. 17, 1887.

Mr. WM. HADAM:

Dear Sir—The Microbe Killer, I find, is a splendid thing. Can I get the Agency here? My little boy that was affected with worms is cured and getting fair and rosy. My father is also using your medicine and is improving very fast. Very respectfully, Mrs. ALICE LEE.

For sale by Beckner Leavell agent for Christian County.

There is no use suffering with rheumatism now. Adams Microbe Killer has never failed. Try it and you will consider the world too tame what you pay for it. For sale by Leavell, agent for Christian County.

Most Larkins are bilious and fleshy and sick.

And her stomach was constantly burning.

Of the great O. M. D. she bought a supply.

Directions for taking pursued for the best.

Twas the best thing on earth she could possibly try.

After a year, poor Miss Larkin is well.

The G. M. D. which she took was Dr. Pfeifer's Golden Medical Discovery, the great remedy for bronchial, throat and lung diseases, sick headache, catarrh, dyspepsia, and all diseases that have origin in impure blood and a disordered liver.

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequalled.

morning is repeated. Each man has his allotted duty. One, perhaps, consults the barometer or thermometer, which indicates the direction and pressure of the wind; another consults the instrument which determines the humidity of the atmosphere, and the amount of rainfall; another consults at the telegraph instrument, whilst still another prepares the map as the types are being set up and the press is made ready.

The chief officer supervises the work and prepares an official report of every observation.

There is a great deal of clerical work in the office, because a complete record is made of every transaction. The officer in command is called upon daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly and half-yearly reports, besides which he has to make two annual reports, one for the fiscal year and the other for the calendar year.

There is scarcely a quiet minute in the twenty-four hours at the signal stations of Boston or New York. The office is beset with questions and invaded by questioners. The labor of answering them is wholly gratuitous, but it has developed into one of the leading duties of the signal men at present station.

Early in the morning the bell of the office telephone begins to tinkle. Mr. Brown, the fruit dealer of Blank Street, has a carload of perishable goods consigned to Chicago. He wants to know what the indications are regarding temperature along the road for two or three days, and the answer goes back to him: "There's a hot wave coming." And so Mr. Brown decides not to risk the risk of shipment just yet. Or it may be winter and he is warned of snow blockades on railways in another State, and he resolves to hold his fruit until the lines are opened.

Trideel, tickle! tickle, hollo! is this the signal station?"

"Yes." "What's that you signal?" Will the rain hold up, so that the races will come off at Bessemer Park today?"

Mr. Cheever, broker, sends a message to ask what the indications are in the wheat-growing region. Probably he has a speculation in wheat. Alvin Jones sends to know if the wind is likely to favor the rogues. The agent of a coasting steamship company wants to know if it will be safe for his vessel to put to sea to-night. And so the questions and answers come and go.

Presently the officer in charge picks up a bundle of papers and two or three record books, and marches off to a court-room, where he is required to give expert testimony. In this case White has sued Black for damages, and the case will turn on the question of fact whether there was or was not ice on Black's sidewalk that day. The officer in command of the local signal station is summoned by Black, and by his records proves that the temperature on the day was not low enough for the formation of ice.

Robinson's horse ran away, smashed the carriage and sprained Robinson's ankle. Robinson says that the horse was frightened by smoke blowing across the street from a fire of leaves and other debris on Jones' lawn. The signal officer testifies that at nine o'clock on the morning of the 16th of May the wind was west—not east, as Robinson claims—so that the smoke must have blown in the direction of Jones' house, and not across the street.

On the whole, the signalmen are hard workers, and they render a thousand services to the public. The world is conscious of an increasing faith in "Old Probabilities," although not a few of one's acquaintances stout at the indications published daily by the signal service, and cry: "Pshaw! We can tell what the weather will be as well as Old Prob; it is mostly guess-work!"

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